

**HAVE YOU TRIED THIS?**  
Simple Prescription Said to Work  
Wonders for Rheumatism.

This has been well known to the best doctors for years as the quickest and most reliable cure obtainable for rheumatism and backache. It has been published here for several winters and hundreds of the worst cases cured by it in a short time. "From your drug list get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime." Results come the first day. If your rheumatism does not have Toris Compound in stock he will get it in a few hours from his wholesale house. Do not be influenced to take some patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original, one-ounce, sealed, yellow package. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

**Incompetent George.**  
Little George was six years old and the family was much interested in having him start to school, but he insisted that he was not going.  
One day his grandmother said to him: "George, you are going to school with sister this winter, aren't you?"  
"No, grandma, I'm not going to school at all. I can't read, nor I can't write, nor I can't sing, and I'd like to know what good I'd be at school?"

**Credit and Confidence.**  
First Bank Official—I just loaned Bulger \$50,000 on his business.  
Second Ditto—Is his business good enough to warrant it?  
"Sure! He showed that he was employing over fourteen hundred children."—Life.

**Its Kind.**  
"This head work of yours is something of a tax, isn't it?"  
"Yes; something of a poll-tax."

It is far better to make your mark in the world than it is to be an easy one.

The best cure for kleptomania may be arrest cure.

## WOMAN SICK FOURTEEN YEARS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.:—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.  
"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.  
If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

## Stiff Joints Sprains, Bruises

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

"Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the middle of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."—WILSON WICKSTADT, Morris, Ala.

## SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Fine for Sprain

St. Paul, Minn., N. J., writes:—"A friend sprained his ankle so badly that it went black. He laughed when I told him that I would have him out in a week. I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good Liniment."—WILSON WICKSTADT, Morris, Ala.

Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00

Sloan's Book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.

Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan

Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS



MELISSA WOULD NOT TOLERATE A TIGHTWAD.

Mrs. Merriwid picked her pearl ear studs from her dressing table and contemplated them thoughtfully as they lay in her rosy palm. "I wonder if they would really dissolve in vinegar," she murmured. "—and what effect they would have on a person's tummy in that form. I've a great mind to try it."  
Her maternal maiden aunt Jane, who was buttoning her down the back, asked her what in the land she was talking about. "You are getting real fleshy, Melissa," she added, as she hooked the girdle with some slight difficulty. "Do you know it?"  
"No, dearie," replied Mrs. Merriwid, "and I don't want to know it, if you don't mind. They say vinegar emaciates one." She continued reflectively, "but I wasn't thinking of that. I was wondering if Mr. Stintwell wouldn't fall dead if I took that sort of a Cleopatra cocktail in his presence. If he knew they were worth two hundred and fifty dollars, I'm pretty certain he would. But then, I'd have to bother with the coroner and I haven't got a decent picture of myself that I could give the newspaper reporters, so I'll compromise by telling him that he's wasting his breath. He doesn't like to waste anything, so that ought to stop him."  
Aunt Jane made a clucking sound indicative of impatience. "If you refuse Mr. Stintwell, you're a very foolish woman. That's all I've got to say," she remarked. "He must be worth over a million dollars."



"If He Ate a Light Breakfast, He'd Expect a Rebate."

"Have you ever noticed how short he keeps his finger nails, auntie?" Mrs. Merriwid asked. "That's to prevent them running into the palms of his hands. He's so close fisted he has to. What would it profit me to marry a case of chronic grip like that, sweetheart? If he is worth a million, which I don't doubt in the least, you can rest assured that he'll never be rated at nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine on account of his wife's extravagance. When he repeats that little clause in the marriage service about endowing the blushing bride with all his worldly goods, he'll have his fingers crossed. No, beloved, if I were to marry for mercenary considerations, I'd pick a horny-headed structural iron worker, with a good-sized life and accident policy, who'd turn over his weekly pay check to me every Saturday night, and leave the question of beer money to my sense of justice. Mr. Stintwell has been looking out for the main chance so long and hard that he's suffering severely from eye strain. Did you know he had invited me to go with him to see the sub-treasury?"  
"I should think that would be very interesting," said Aunt Jane.  
"Extremely so," agreed Mrs. Merriwid, sarcastically. "I suppose they let you feast your delighted eyes on bars of gold bullion and let you hold a million-dollar bill in each hand. That would be almost as satisfactory as gazing over your husband's rating in Bradstreet just after he's omitted a stentorian roar because somebody has left the light switched on in the bathroom. But he means kindly, and I think he intends to pay my carfare both ways. Only I'm not going."  
"You will have your own way of course, my dear," said Aunt Jane, "but it seems to me that if a gentleman pays a lady marked attention with the obvious design of matrimony, and is so wealthy as to be above suspicion of any mercenary motive, the object of his admiration might be reasonably assured of liberal treatment."  
"It depends on the gentleman who is paying the marked attention, dearie," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "If the gentleman is not a liberal gentleman and the lady has to employ a pneumatic drill and a stick of dynamite to jar a nickle loose enough to wrench away from him, you have another seem coming. I'm strictly in favor of providing for a rainy day, auntie, but I think if one has an umbrella and raincoat and rubbers in the hall closet, one may feel reasonably assured. I don't believe in going around in a scanty bathing suit all the time in anticipation of a flood. I'm told that Mr. Stintwell tries to get a cash discount when he buys a postage stamp, but that may be exaggerated. He might try to get a little concession if he bought five dollars' worth in a lump, however."  
"Do you really think that he is at-

tracted by your money, Melissa?" asked Aunt Jane.

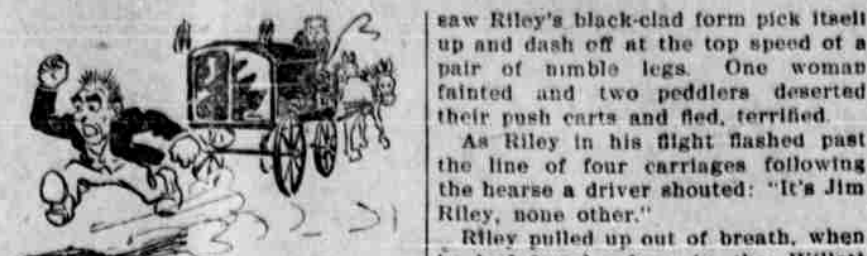
"He isn't repelled," Mrs. Merriwid answered. "I think he imagines my bonds might be a bond of sympathy between us, but he intends to be fair. His idea is a partnership. He'd be willing to take me in on the ground floor, as it were, and when we drew up our chairs to go over our accounts in the evening, he wouldn't charge me up with anything that wasn't right. If he ate a light breakfast, he'd probably expect a rebate, and he'd want me to debit myself with the sugar I used for making fudge, which wouldn't be more than just; but he'd be willing to bear a proper proportion of the household expenses, if you left it to him what a proper proportion was. Well, that isn't what I want, exactly, dearie. I want to feel at liberty to sign up with the agent of a patent washing machine, if I need one, without having to dispose of my electric broom to meet the installments. There's a current impression that Mr. Stintwell has feathered his nest, but I don't take any stock in that. He'd take his feathers to the nearest pillow factory and get the highest market price for them every time, dearie. But I know there's much in me personally that he admires."

"What, for instance?" inquired Aunt Jane.

Mrs. Merriwid thought for a moment. "Well, there's my golden hair," she replied, "and my silvery laughter and my sterling sense, not to speak of my pearly teeth and ruby lips. My

## TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Riding in Hearse Is All Right If You Are Dead



NEW YORK.—Riley knew just what it meant—the sober pace of the horses, the almost noiseless rumble of the rubber-tired wheels, the swishing of the black curtains against the windows and the other sure signs of a hearse outbound. All these things were known to Riley from years of service as stableman in an undertaking establishment.  
But when Riley realized about 6:00 a. m., after stretching out his arms cautiously and listening to the rumble of the wheels, that he was in the position of the "gentleman deceased," he let drive with a No. 10 with all his might. It hit the rear door of the hearse squarely. Glass flew in a shower as the doors burst open. Riley threw himself into the street. Samuel Kerstein, the driver, dropped the reins and leaped from his perch.  
Persons, at Avenue C and Sixth street heard the crashing of glass and

saw Riley's black-clad form pick itself up and dash off at the top speed of a pair of nimble legs. One woman fainted and two peddlers deserted their push carts and fled, terrified.  
As Riley in his flight flashed past the line of four carriages following the hearse a driver shouted: "It's Jim Riley, none other."  
Riley pulled up out of breath, when he had found refuge in the Willett street stables.  
"Is this me? Am I alive?" he gasped to a stableman.  
"It's you, Riley, but your face has gone all chalky. What's the matter?" Riley pinched himself to feel if it hurt. Being assured, he explained: "Maybe I was a bit groggy when I came in at four o'clock this morning. Looking for a place for forty winks, I see the hearse open and look in and go sound asleep after closing the doors. The next thing I know I'm on my way to the cemetery."  
"At first I didn't know whether I was dreaming or it was the real thing. I thought if I could kick a hole in kind dom come I'd know I was dreaming; so I let drive. I was so scared I disremembered dropping into the street, but I kept on running and here I am." The hearse had been ordered out at 6:00 a. m. to attend an early funeral.

## Boy Wanted Someone to Help Him Say Prayers

CHICAGO.—There was great excitement at one of the big downtown hotels the other night. The blonde switchboard operator had just confided to the hat boy that "she should worry." But the cause of her prospective unrest was never disclosed, for at that moment the buzzer began to make sounds like Dr. Watts' "busy little bee."  
"Hello! Hello!" she answered. "Say—don't jiggle the receiver like that. What? You want the proprietor in room 501, quick?"  
"For heaven's sake," said the operator, appealing to the hat boy, "see if you can find Mr. Drake. A party up in 501 is being murdered, I guess."  
The boy hastily rushed for Tracey Drake's office.

"Hello! Yes? Yes? Hello? You want a bellboy or a chambermaid? All right. They're coming up." At the command of "Front!" from the desk clerk the captain of the bells saluted.

"Something awful's happening up in 501. Let me know the worst as soon as you get there."

By this time an awed group of chambermaids stood trembling outside the door, fearing to open it and reveal the gruesome mystery. Down the hall came a procession of bell-boys, followed at a distance by the house detective and Proprietor Drake. From within all was silent. It was an ominous silence.

"Now that we're here," said Mr. Drake, his voice still unsteady after the "turn" he had had, "what can we do for you? Is it ice water—or what?"

"I'm Willie Jackson," explained the small boy. "My papa went down stairs to talk business. My mamma is in Cincinnati, and I want somebody to say my prayers to, as I want to go to sleep."

A chambermaid cheerfully volunteered to serve in the capacity of "mother."

Janitors would laugh at him, he reflected, if he asked for a stove. He had no money to buy one, which left only one course—he would appropriate a furnace, a heater, a range, even a chafing dish if that were all he could find—but he was bound to get something.

He paused in front of a furniture house and considered. He would next have to steal some coal and some wood—he could borrow the matches maybe.

And if he were "pinched" he should worry, for there were plenty of nice warm stoves in the building.

So like his namesake, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," he stole a stove, and "away he run." The stove weighed 85 pounds, and it kept growing heavier all the time, so Mason was not surprised when Max Matrosky, proprietor of the store, caught him, and called the police.

The next morning he was arraigned in court and was sent to the bridewell in lieu of the payment of a fine of \$5 and costs. Thus do dreams come true.

SEATTLE, WASH.—It was a cold day. "Tommy" Mason shivered and pulled the blankets closer about him. No use. The bed was a little warmer than any other part of the bare, icy room—but a fellow can't sleep all day.

He arose, wrapped some blankets over his freezing shoulders, and got mad. This was the only means he had of keeping warm—becoming angry—for there was no stove in the place.

That sort of treatment didn't melt any iceicles, however, so Mason determined to get something more warming than an idea. He would steal a stove! The only thing to consider was where.

SEATTLE, WASH.—It was a cold day. "Tommy" Mason shivered and pulled the blankets closer about him. No use. The bed was a little warmer than any other part of the bare, icy room—but a fellow can't sleep all day.

He arose, wrapped some blankets over his freezing shoulders, and got mad. This was the only means he had of keeping warm—becoming angry—for there was no stove in the place.

That sort of treatment didn't melt any iceicles, however, so Mason determined to get something more warming than an idea. He would steal a stove! The only thing to consider was where.

SEATTLE, WASH.—It was a cold day. "Tommy" Mason shivered and pulled the blankets closer about him. No use. The bed was a little warmer than any other part of the bare, icy room—but a fellow can't sleep all day.

He arose, wrapped some blankets over his freezing shoulders, and got mad. This was the only means he had of keeping warm—becoming angry—for there was no stove in the place.

That sort of treatment didn't melt any iceicles, however, so Mason determined to get something more warming than an idea. He would steal a stove! The only thing to consider was where.

SEATTLE, WASH.—It was a cold day. "Tommy" Mason shivered and pulled the blankets closer about him. No use. The bed was a little warmer than any other part of the bare, icy room—but a fellow can't sleep all day.

He arose, wrapped some blankets over his freezing shoulders, and got mad. This was the only means he had of keeping warm—becoming angry—for there was no stove in the place.

That sort of treatment didn't melt any iceicles, however, so Mason determined to get something more warming than an idea. He would steal a stove! The only thing to consider was where.

SEATTLE, WASH.—It was a cold day. "Tommy" Mason shivered and pulled the blankets closer about him. No use. The bed was a little warmer than any other part of the bare, icy room—but a fellow can't sleep all day.

He arose, wrapped some blankets over his freezing shoulders, and got mad. This was the only means he had of keeping warm—becoming angry—for there was no stove in the place.

That sort of treatment didn't melt any iceicles, however, so Mason determined to get something more warming than an idea. He would steal a stove! The only thing to consider was where.

SEATTLE, WASH.—It was a cold day. "Tommy" Mason shivered and pulled the blankets closer about him. No use. The bed was a little warmer than any other part of the bare, icy room—but a fellow can't sleep all day.

He arose, wrapped some blankets over his freezing shoulders, and got mad. This was the only means he had of keeping warm—becoming angry—for there was no stove in the place.

That sort of treatment didn't melt any iceicles, however, so Mason determined to get something more warming than an idea. He would steal a stove! The only thing to consider was where.

SEATTLE, WASH.—It was a cold day. "Tommy" Mason shivered and pulled the blankets closer about him. No use. The bed was a little warmer than any other part of the bare, icy room—but a fellow can't sleep all day.

He arose, wrapped some blankets over his freezing shoulders, and got mad. This was the only means he had of keeping warm—becoming angry—for there was no stove in the place.

That sort of treatment didn't melt any iceicles, however, so Mason determined to get something more warming than an idea. He would steal a stove! The only thing to consider was where.

SEATTLE, WASH.—It was a cold day. "Tommy" Mason shivered and pulled the blankets closer about him. No use. The bed was a little warmer than any other part of the bare, icy room—but a fellow can't sleep all day.

He arose, wrapped some blankets over his freezing shoulders, and got mad. This was the only means he had of keeping warm—becoming angry—for there was no stove in the place.

That sort of treatment didn't melt any iceicles, however, so Mason determined to get something more warming than an idea. He would steal a stove! The only thing to consider was where.

## Are You Subject to Constipation

Here is a Simple Way of Correcting it Instantly Before it Becomes Chronic.

Very few people go through life without some time or other being troubled with constipation. Thousands injure themselves by the use of strong cathartics, salt mineral waters, pills and similar things. They have temporary value in some cases, it is true, but the good effect is soon lost, and the more one takes of them the less effective they become.

A physician or a physician is seldom necessary, and much better and more permanent results can be obtained by using a scientific remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It does not hide behind a high sounding name, but is what it is represented to be, a mild laxative medicine. It is so mild that thousands of mothers give it to tiny infants, and yet it is so compounded, and contains such definite ingredients that it will have equally good effect when used by a person suffering from the worst chronic constipation. In fact, among the greatest endorser of Syrup Pepsin are elderly people who have suffered for years and found nothing to benefit them until they took Syrup Pepsin.

It is a fact that millions of families have Syrup Pepsin constantly in the house, home like those of Mrs. G. B. Pruitt, Berea, Ky., who used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin as a laxative tonic. Mrs. Pruitt writes that it so strengthened and cleansed her system that she was quickly relieved of a severe cough which had troubled her for months. The special value of this grand laxative tonic is that it is suitable for the needs of every member of the family. It is pleasant-tasting, mild and non-gripping. Unlike harsh physics it works gradually and in a very brief time the stomach and bowel muscles are trained to do their work naturally again, when all medicines can be dispensed with.

You can obtain a bottle at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar. The latter size is usually bought by families who already know its value. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded.

If no member of your family has ever used Syrup Pepsin and you would like to make a personal trial of it before buying it in the regular way of a druggist, send your address—a postal will do—to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and a free sample bottle will be mailed you.



MRS. G. B. PRUITT

ed to the needs of every member of the family. It is pleasant-tasting, mild and non-gripping. Unlike harsh physics it works gradually and in a very brief time the stomach and bowel muscles are trained to do their work naturally again, when all medicines can be dispensed with.

You can obtain a bottle at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar. The latter size is usually bought by families who already know its value. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded.

If no member of your family has ever used Syrup Pepsin and you would like to make a personal trial of it before buying it in the regular way of a druggist, send your address—a postal will do—to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and a free sample bottle will be mailed you.

EXCELLENT!

Limitations.

"Is your wife a sufferer?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "To a certain extent. She thinks she ought to have the ballot, but she knows a lot of women who she is sure do not deserve it."

We've Done Our Share.

Woody—Is there any money in writing for the magazine?

Scribbles—Sure! The postal department is about half supported that way.—Boston Transcript.

Result.

"I'll hurl the insult back in that fellow's teeth."

"Then he'll have to eat his words."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of Dr. W. B. Caldwell on one box. Cures grip in 10 days. 25c.

Too Hasty.

"Diggs can dash off epigrams without a moment's thought."

"That's just the way they sound."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures colic, soothes a bottle.

The love of money is the easiest of all roots to cultivate.

Stealing away from bad company is justifiable larceny.

TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

CANADA'S OFFERING TO THE SETTLER

THE AMERICAN RUSH TO WESTERN CANADA IS INCREASING

160 ACRES IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Free Homesteads

In the new Districts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there are thousands of free homesteads left, which to the man making entry will be made up of 160 acres of land.

For more information, send for a booklet, "How to Get a Free Homestead," to the Canadian Government, Ottawa, Canada.

For Sale—250 acres. 25 acres in oats, 25 acres in wheat, 25 acres in corn, 25 acres in hay, 25 acres in clover, 25 acres in alfalfa, 25 acres in timothy, 25 acres in red clover, 25 acres in white clover, 25 acres in vetch, 25 acres in lucerne, 25 acres in sainfoin, 25 acres in alfalfa, 25 acres in timothy, 25 acres in red clover, 25 acres in white clover, 25 acres in vetch, 25 acres in lucerne, 25 acres in sainfoin.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, MO. 7-1913.

Free Free

Six Genuine Rogers Silver Teaspoons for only 100 Galvanic Soap Wrappers or coupons from Johnson's Washing Powder.

Here is the Offer

For each teaspoon desired send us one two-cent stamp and twenty Galvanic Soap wrappers (front panel only) or coupons from Johnson's Washing Powder.

Special Offer for Six Teaspoons

Send 100 Galvanic Soap wrappers and 2-cent stamps to get postage; we will send you a set of six teaspoons ABSOLUTELY FREE.

These teaspoons are the kind that you'll be proud to own. They are the genuine 1881 Rogers ware, heavily triple-plated silver on a white metal base. The pattern is the famous La Vigne, or Grape, with the beautiful French Gray finish. With ordinary wear these spoons will last a life time. Start saving your wrappers today, or better still buy a box of Galvanic Soap and you'll have 100 wrappers, but enough for a set of spoons.

EXCELLENT!

Limitations.

"Is your wife a sufferer?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "To a certain extent. She thinks she ought to have the ballot, but she knows a lot of women who she is sure do not deserve it."

We've Done Our Share.

Woody—Is there any money in writing for the magazine?

Scribbles—Sure! The postal department is about half supported that way.—Boston Transcript.

Result.

"I'll hurl the insult back in that fellow's teeth."

"Then he'll have to eat his words."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of Dr. W. B. Caldwell on one box. Cures grip in 10 days. 25c.

Too Hasty.

"Diggs can dash off epigrams without a moment's thought."

"That's just the way they sound."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures colic, soothes a bottle.

The love of money is the easiest of all roots to cultivate.

Stealing away from bad company is justifiable larceny.

TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

CANADA'S OFFERING TO THE SETTLER

THE AMERICAN RUSH TO WESTERN CANADA IS INCREASING

160 ACRES IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Free Homesteads

In the new Districts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there are thousands of free homesteads left, which to the man making entry will be made up of 160 acres of land.

For more information, send for a booklet, "How to Get a Free Homestead," to the Canadian Government, Ottawa, Canada.

For Sale—250 acres. 25 acres in oats, 25 acres in wheat, 25 acres in corn, 25 acres in hay, 25 acres in clover, 25 acres in alfalfa, 25 acres in timothy, 25 acres in red clover, 25 acres in white clover, 25 acres in vetch, 25 acres in lucerne, 25 acres in sainfoin.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, MO. 7-1913.

